

Roll Initiative by [harmon99](#)

Series: [Hawkins, IN \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Dad Steve, Gen, Not Creepy, Pre-Slash, smidge of protective Hopper

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-09

Updated: 2017-11-09

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:43:15

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,921

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

So I can turn into a fucking dragon, but I can't heal a sprained ankle?
This game is bullshit!

Just a small little drabble I had to get out. Possible series work.

Roll Initiative

Author's Note:

Trying my hand at some Harringrove. I stole the beginning quote from the internet and I have no ownership with Stranger Things. This is just for fun. Just getting my thoughts out there and feeling this out. Could be looked at as pre-slash.

“So I can turn into a fucking dragon, but I can’t heal a sprained ankle? This game is bullshit!” Steve threw his character sheet onto the table in disgust. Dustin and Max starting laughing uncontrollably at Steve while he glared at Mike in challenge.

As their DM, Mike ruled the game and called Steve on his mistake, “It’s not bullshit! It’s not in your abilities!”

Steve scoffed, “It is too bullshit! What about the magical amulet I picked up? Can’t I use that?”

Mike thunked his head on the table, “For the millionth time- no! That is not listed in its powers!” Steve continued to grumble under his breath while the rest of the game continued. Will, Max, Lucas, Dustin, and Mike continued the campaign and tried to help Steve along the way. Steve was still struggling to understand the rules when the basement door banged open and Mike’s mom yelled down at them to wrap it up.

“Just one more hour, Mom!” Mike pleaded with her.

Mrs. Wheeler rolled her eyes, “No, Mike. It’s getting late and everyone needs to go home now.” Mike rolled his eyes but began to put things away.

Steve picked up the soda cans and chip bags while the kids talked about what they were all going to do tomorrow.

Steve wasn’t exactly sure how his life ended up here. Probably somewhere around the time Nancy pointed a gun at him which turned into him fighting for his life minutes later. Here he was a year later having done the same thing while trying to keep all the kids alive. Thinking about those events made him think about Nancy, and thinking about Nancy still makes his chest ache. He didn’t understand what he had done wrong, or why she thought Steve and his love for

her was 'bullshit'. Just because he had been trying to go on with his life, didn't mean he wasn't affected by what had happened. He just tried not to show it.

Dustin grabbed his backpack and slung it onto his shoulders. He broke Steve out of his thoughts by slapping him on the back, "Ready to get this caravan rolling?"

Steve couldn't help but grin at the kid, "Sure, but you assholes are sitting in the back."

Steve climbed the stairs up from the basement and prayed he wouldn't run into Nancy on the way out. He said goodbye to Mrs. Wheeler and blew out a grateful breath when he reached his car without incident. As he got behind the driver's seat, he willed himself not to look up at her window. He didn't even realize when the kids had piled into the back and gone quite. He jumped when Dustin touched his shoulder, "Ready to go, Steve?"

Steve huffed out a laugh and gave the kids a fake smile, "Absolutely." He released his white knuckled grip from the steering wheel and pulled on his seatbelt.

Steve turned to glare at the kids, "Seatbelts now! I'm not taking shit from Hopper if someone slams into us and you shits get hurt." All the kids groaned but pulled on their seatbelts.

Steve drove out to the Byers' house first, Joyce would want Will home as soon as possible. Steve clenched his jaw when he saw that Jonathan's car wasn't at home. Probably out on a date with Nancy somewhere. Steve waved at Joyce on the front porch as Will raced up the drive and then pulled back onto the road. Max's house was the next stop and then Dustin.

Steve listened to Max and Dustin talk about arcade games with ease and felt a little jealous. It wasn't that long ago that Dustin had a diehard crush on Max- who ended up choosing one of his best friends. Dustin had seemed upset at first, but now acted like his heart was never crushed and was just glad to have a good friend. Steve wondered if he would ever have that with Nancy.

As Steve approached Max's house he could see a figure sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette. Billy Hargrove. Steve didn't know what to think about him. Billy hadn't really bothered Steve after beating the shit out of him that night. Any questions posed to the kids about

what had happened while Steve had been knocked out hadn't been answered. He knew something had happened with the kids and Billy but no one was talking about it.

Steve pulled the car up to the curb and Max gathered her stuff to jump out. Steve looked up to where Billy was now standing on the porch. His shirt was open as always and he was leaning against the wall, staring at the car. Steve was pretty sure he had to be freezing, and wondered how long he had been sitting on the porch. Max passed him heading into the house with her head down. Billy didn't even bother to glance at her. He just continued to stare at the car and Steve.

Dustin got out of the back seat and into the passenger seat, breaking the staring contest. Billy stubbed out his cigarette and went inside.

Steve pulled away and cleared his throat, "Are you ever going to tell me what you guys did to him?"

Dustin grinned, "Let's just say he had a change of heart about the way he was treating Max."

Steve shook his head. He knew there was more to it but dropped it. "So you and Max seem to be getting along pretty good. No hard feelings there?"

Dustin shrugged and looked out the window, "I don't know. I mean I still like her, but I respect her decision. I can tell her and Lucas really like each other and I'm not going to screw that up. Besides, I want someone who will choose me first. Not someone that has to think about who they want to be with."

Steve winced at the words. He felt like his and Nancy's whole relationship was Steve trying to convince her it was a good idea. "That's great man. Really mature."

Dustin smiled at him and once again Steve couldn't help but smile back. Dustin was a good kid and made Steve wish for a brother he never had. It felt good to take care of the kids. To give them advice if he could, and just be there for them. He never had anyone do anything like that for him and knew that it mattered. Plus, the kids looked up to him like a high school God. King Steve, as Billy would say. Yeah right. Steve hadn't been the King of anything for a while. Tommy and Carol had been doing their best to make sure everyone knew Steve had lost his edge. Steve didn't give a shit about that stuff

anymore. Once you have fought for your actual life a time or two, it changed your perspective on what was important.

Steve listened to Dustin prattle on about the D&D rules and recap of the game they had just played all the way to Dustin's house and didn't mind the excessive chatter. Once Steve was back home to his empty house, he would immediately want to leave again. There was never anyone there. His mother and father were always gone, his dad for business and his mom on never ending vacations to avoid having to deal with either of them.

000

February in Hawkins, Indiana was a big bucket of suck. Every time it snowed, it stuck around for weeks in a nasty gray sludge everywhere. There were still piles of gray stacked up in store parking lots doing its best to melt. Nothing like the beautiful beaches of California. Out of everything in California, Billy missed the beach the most. It was there that he could go and spend hours away from the shit show that was his house. Neil Hargrove was a mean son of bitch. Ex-military man that ruled his house with an iron fist.

A fist he seemed to save for his only son. Susan and Max didn't get the physical effects, but Billy knew the verbal attacks could be just as bad. He was quite familiar with both tactics. It made a rage build up inside of him and all he wanted to do was make everyone else feel as bad as he did. He didn't give a shit about anything or anyone else, but when he was able to go to the beach and stare at the ocean, he could feel the rage float away. Ever since moving to Hawkins though, it had been so hard to control himself. He had been more aggressive with Max than ever before. He knew he should feel protective of his stepsister, but most of all he felt resentment towards her. She didn't have to get slapped around every day and it made him hate her and everyone else.

He thought back to the beat down he had given Harrington. It was the most out of control he had ever been, and it scared the shit out of him to think about now that his head was clear. He had called Steve pretty boy and it was an accurate description. Good looking rich guy with a hot, smart girlfriend and no one constantly telling him what a piece of shit he was. It had made Billy boil with rage and he wanted

to destroy something that pretty and good. When he thinks about it now, he feels sick at the thought of what could have happened. He's glad Max hit him with that syringe of whatever the hell it was. He probably never would have stopped otherwise.

His father and Susan had left for California this morning, stating they would be gone for another week as they had things to wrap up back there. Billy was under strict orders to watch out for Max again and would be subjected to nightly phone calls to make sure he was doing what he was supposed to. He was loading groceries for the week in his car when the Chief of Police pulled into the spot next to his. Billy tried to look unassuming as he quickly filled his trunk. If he got in trouble with the law here his father would make sure it was the last thing he did.

All thoughts of getting away from the Chief died when Jim Hopper got out of his Bronco and leaned against Billy's car. Billy steeled himself and met the sharp eyes of the cop.

"Hargrove, isn't it?"

Billy made himself hold eye contact with the older man, "Yes, sir."

Hopper took out a cigarette and lit it before speaking again, "Kind of a hard ass aren't ya? I've seen you speeding around town, don't think I haven't noticed. Just had bigger fish to fry at the time."

Billy fought the urge to mouth off to the Chief, "Yes, sir."

Hopper squinted at the kid, "That all you can say?"

Billy did smirk at that, "No, sir."

Hopper grinned a bit at that and then gave Billy a hard look that had his pulse jumping, "If I hear about you laying hands on Harrington again, you and I are going to have a different conversation. Understand?"

Billy looked at the ground and nodded his head. He swallowed hard, waiting for more threats and intimidation. When it didn't come, he looked up and saw the Chief walking into the grocery store. Billy closed his eyes and exhaled, "Christ."